

Sweet Surrender

by Nina Mercury

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Summary: Angelus decides to harrass one of the characters but she has a big surprise for him

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TITLE: Sweet Surrender

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DISCLAIMER: None of these characters belong to me. They are all property of Joss Whedon. The song is "The Sweetest Thing" by U2. The word "kerb" is the British spelling for the word "curb".

FEEDBACK: I'd love some but this is my first fan fiction so please be gentle.

DISTRIBUTION: TPWFLD, and any other place that wants it but I'd prefer if you ask first.

BACKGROUND: "Becoming" never happened so Angelus (the evil one) is still running around.

RATING: I'd say this is an R rating.

AUTHOR'S NOTES: As I said, this is my first fan fiction. So please go easy on me. I don't usually write like this. I've taken a few fiction writing classes. But I was listening to some music a friend lent me and this story came pouring out.

Boredom. It's one of the main differences between Sunnydale and college. In Sunnydale, we always had some sort of end-of-the-world-as-we-know-it prophecy hanging over our heads. Here in Boston, the worst thing that I have to worry about is pop quiz. Yeah, I left the others behind but I'm so glad I did. If I had stayed in Sunnydale then I would have always stayed the same. I would have

never changed.

I had just finished a really big test. All I wanted to do was to go take a hot shower and not come out. Well, at least until Jake, that hot Resident Advisor, dragged me out. But when I checked my mail, I received a shock. There was a rose with a note taped to my mailbox. My name was neatly written on the outside. I opened the note and knew exactly who it was from.

Meet me at Kerb at 8 o'clock tonight or you know what will happen.

So he decided to follow me from Sunnydale. I suppose he's expecting me to show up and be afraid of him. Or else he'd kill everyone in the club. The nerve of that man!

I stormed up to my room slowly forming a wicked plan. If he wanted me, then he was going to get me. Whether he liked it or not.

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Kerb was the local dance club. It was popular with the college students because it was close to the dorms. That and it served cheap beer and rarely carded anybody. Kerb was a lot like The Bronze. It was dark and the music was loud.

When I walked in, I was quickly rewarded with guys ogling me. But why not? I was wearing a short forest green skirt and its sleeveless matching top. And I looked good.

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My love she throws me like a rubber ball

Oh oh oh the sweetest thing

But she won't catch me, or break my fall

Oh oh oh the sweetest thing

Baby's got blue skies overhead

But in this I'm a rain cloud

You know she likes a dry kind of love

Oh oh oh the sweetest thing

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His eyes caught mine from across the room. A creature of the shadows mingling with his true element. I gave him a cheery smile and waved. Then I found an empty table nearby and sat down. If he wanted me, then he could come and get me.

The next few minutes were a stalemate. We both stayed at our tables. A few guys from some of my classes came over to say hi and to buy me a few drinks. I flirted with them but I was still anxious. Was he just going to sit there all night?

"Hello," his cold voice echoed behind me.

The guys quickly excused themselves and left. He sat down next to me.

"Well, I'm here. What did you want?" I might have been scared but I wasn't going to show it.

His grin promised a mixture of pain and pleasure. I sipped my drink and tried to return the grin. "You don't usually drink?"

"It's free and it's imported. Domestic beer tastes horrible."

His chuckles rumbled in his chest. Damn him! Even just talking to him was exciting me.

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I'm losing you

Oh oh oh, I'm losing you yeah

Ain't love the sweetest thing

The sweetest thing

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Forbidden love. No, that was definitely the wrong term. I think the right one was forbidden lust. I've always wanted him. I've wanted those eyes to burn for me. I've wanted to surrender to his darkness.

"Do you want to dance?" his words caressed me like black silk. Looking in his eyes, I knew that I just couldn't surrender. I knew that I had to conquer the darkness or totally lose myself. When I had won, I could then surrender.

He led me out to the dance floor. Pulling me close, he was expecting me to shy away. But I didn't. I moved closer, just brushing up against him. My hands slid up his arms and rested on his shoulders. We danced slow and close. I watched the battle in his eyes. He tried to fight his surprise but failed.

I continued to move closer. He was a very good dancer. We moved together with one rhythm. Our bodies brushing against each other. My right hand wandered down to his chest and began to trace his chiseled muscles through the black silk. Damn, this was feeling way too good. Everything in me wanted to kiss him. But I fought.

In his dark eyes, he was waging the same battle. But his control slipped. He moved to kiss me. This mouth moved closer and closer to mine. I hungered for the taste the coldness of his lips brushing against mine.

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I wanted to run, she made me crawl

Oh oh oh the sweetest thing  
Eternal fire, she turned me to straw  
Oh oh oh the sweetest thing  
You know I got black eyes  
But they burn so brightly for her  
Mine is a blind kind of love  
Oh oh oh the sweetest thing

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The music ended and I regained control. His lips were inches from mine. I grinned at him and stepped away. "Thanks for the dance," I teased.

As I walked away, I wanted to look back. I wanted to see the look on his face. But I couldn't. I had to keep the act going...or else I'd lose. But it would have been nice to see that look of total shock.

Yeah, I said shock. He would have never expected me to do anything like that. All my life I've been a good little girl. But tonight I not only embraced darkness, I danced with it. If I lost this game, I could be content with that knowledge.

Half elated and half frightened, I walked back to the dorms. The air fresh with a just fallen rain was a wonderful contrast with the hot human closeness in the club. The night air was cold and made my heated skin shiver.

Someone stepped out of the shadows and grabbed my arm. And there he was. We must have made an interesting looking couple. The moonlight accented his darkness and gave his skin an unearthly glow. While the shadows played against my skin. Tonight the world was black and white, darkness and moonlight, and we were its creatures.

"Why are you doing this?" His voice was trying to sound angry but the surprise showed through.

"Because I can?"

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Blue eyed boy meets a brown-eyed girl  
Oh oh oh the sweetest thing  
You can sew it up  
But you still see the tear  
Oh oh oh the sweetest thing  
Baby's got blue skies overhead

But in this I'm a rain cloud

You know we got a stormy kind of love

Oh oh oh the sweetest thing

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He grabbed my head and pulled it to his, kissing me fiercely. The kiss was passionate and bruised my lips. My lips moved against his like a reflection of his desire. Slowly my tongue crept out of my mouth and traced his lips. He opened his mouth with shock. And I took advantage of that. Our tongues battled and I moved against him. I loved the feeling of my body rubbing up against his. Unconsciously his pelvis thrust toward mine and he moaned into my mouth.

Our kiss burned on but I had to come up for air. He moved his passionate assault to my neck. I felt his fangs tickle my soft skin. But I did nothing. All this night, I fought for control. Now I gave him the control and my trust. I felt a sharp pinch but he withdrew his fangs. He eagerly sucked on the trickle of blood. The most erotic sensations started from my wound and spread to my entire body. That one moment was my sweet surrender. I loudly expelled my breath and pressed myself against him.

After licking the wound, his dark eyes looked into mine. I smiled at the unspoken questions but shook my head. "Sorry Angelus, but I'm planning to lose my virginity in a proper bed."

I stood there looking into his eyes but he still didn't understand.

"Willow?" At that moment, Angelus looked more like a pathetic puppy and not the vampiric monster that I thought I knew.

"Men!" I laughed and shook my head, "Aren't we going back to your apartment? It would be easier than trying to sneak you back into the dorm room and spending the rest of the night on my small uncomfortable bed."

Angelus grinned and took my hand. His grip was gentle but firm. He was afraid that I'd leave. But things have changed. Buffy once told me that what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger. That's what happened in college. When a woman studies in a field that has mostly male students, two things can happen. She either becomes really quiet and shy, or she grows a spine. Half-way through my freshman year, I realized that if I can live through vampires and demons then a few stupid college boys are nothing.

So I let him take me home. I surrendered and let him change my life. But I also won and changed his.

The End

End  
file.